

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 731.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

VOL. XXIX. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Folk-Songs.

I.

Delicious wafts from new mown meadow hay,
That float o'er lawns whose every flower is sweet;
Sun-fringed showers that drift with silvery feet
Down gold-green valleys on a summer day;
Spring brooks that leap and wind and slip and flow
Beside a river's large, majestic swell;—
Clear chime, from high church tower, of crystal bell
That strikes through deep toned organ-peal below;
Stars, throbbing, sparkling, round the full-orbed
moon;
Or perfect pearls, encircling jewels rare
As violets stud rose-garlands, yet look fair;
Or lay of thrush, though with the lark 'tis June;
Such are these ballads, fresh, spontaneous, free,
When likened unto loftier minstrelsy.

II.

At what far fountain were these poets taught
The songs they sang so warmly and so well?
Whence came the healthy power, the tender spell
From which that glow of purity they caught?—
They followed but the simple clues that lead
From Man's to Nature's heart. Their pulse was
stirred
By love of her; they talked with her, gave heed
To those fine truths she speaks in song of bird,
In ring of metal, drop of leaf, or gush
Of vine-juice in the vat, or ocean's flow,
Or sigh of grass, or stormy hurricane rush;
And in some passionate hour, their joy, their woe
They uttered in her wild, her wondrous tongue,
Unconscious as the air, while thus they sung.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Extracts from Elise Polko's Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.*

Hildebrandt remembers a saying of Mendelssohn's, with regard to Father Haydn, which I shall quote here as characteristic.

Once, on the occasion of a merry jovial meeting, a select circle of friends, with uplifted glasses, found fault with the weakness of the chorus in "The Seasons," in praise of wine. "We should like to sing something far more spirited in its place," said they, scornfully. "The 'old Papa' must have been drinking detestable wine at that time to put so little fire into its praise." Mendelssohn smiled. "Father Haydn can well forgive your calumny," said he, "and can afford to wait patiently till you once more come to your senses. Let the frothy period of youth pass away, and then sing his chorus to a glass of wine, and tell me whether it still seems insipid. At this moment the wine itself is your chief object. When Haydn wrote that chorus, he did not drink wine as you do, merely to enjoy it, but only in order to gain strength for his work, and to rejoice in the strength it imparted. So I say again—Wait!"

"We often marveled," says Hildebrandt, "at all the wisdom in this young head. We constantly felt how immeasurably he was above us; and yet, at other times, he was full of boyish mirth and high spirits as the youngest among us."

Many little incidents, recalled by friends, gleam like fitful rays of light respecting the artistic value of those days. One of Mendelssohn's favorite stories was an ancient Roman tradition of a motionless assembly of Senators, seated in

* From advance sheets of Leyppolt & Holt's edition of the translation by Lady Wallace.

death-like silence, whom a guileless Gaul mistook for stone statues, and was therefore bold enough to pluck the beard of one of the circle, when the supposed statue started into life and cut down the audacious Gaul with his sword. In remembrance of this anecdote, Mendelssohn and Hildebrandt agreed, that whenever they met, no matter where, even in the most aristocratic society, never to say "good day" to each other without a certain form. Hildebrandt was suddenly to stand still and assume a stony face, when Mendelssohn was to go up to him slowly and solemnly and pull his beard, while he was in return to submit to a sharp Roman blow on the shoulder, which dissolved the magic spell, and they were then to greet each other with their usual cordiality.

Of Cécile Mendelssohn I had only the fleeting impression of wonderful hair and blue eyes, beaming from under a dark velvet bonnet; but a finished picture of him and his grandly-modeled head was at once impressed upon my memory. He wore what was then called a Spanish cloak, that entirely concealed his figure. I have never hitherto seen any portrait (the one by Hildebrandt I have unfortunately never met with) that represents that artistic head as it lives in my memory; there is something effeminate and sentimental in all the Mendelssohn portraits, which were certainly not the attributes of the living head. A marvelously executed little ivory relief, a profile in the possession of a musical friend of the deceased master, Knauer's statuette, and the large bust, alone are exempt from this character, and therefore bear more affinity to the image in my memory. His hair was black and curling, the forehead of the highest order of intellectual beauty, the nose somewhat bent, the lips well chiseled, the shape of the face oval, the eyes irresistible, brilliant, and spiritual. His slender figure, scarcely attained to middle size, seemed to increase in height and to become imposing when he stood at his director's desk. His hands were of remarkable beauty; Carus, that connoisseur of human beings and hands, would have defined them as "full of soul." A very graceful movement of the head was peculiar to him; and when he carelessly threw it back, while his rapid glance, like that of a general, passed in array his musical forces, there was not one among them who did not at that moment silently vow to do his duty to the uttermost. He appeared elegant and calm while directing; no peculiarities attracted the attention of the audience; not a vestige of embarrassment, and yet entire security.

No words can tell the devotion with which the different members of the orchestra clung to him. But then how careful he was of them, how warmly he had their interests at heart, what an open ear and open hand he had for all their complaints! He was not satisfied with the temporary addition to their salary of the 500 dollars that he had wrung out of the magistrates for their benefit; he never rested till he succeeded in effecting a real improvement in the position of the members of the orchestra.

"Just because the orchestra is not an article of luxury, but the most necessary and important basis for a theatre—just because the public invariably regard with more interest articles of luxury than more essential things—on this very account, it is a positive duty to endeavor to effect, that what is legitimate and necessary shall not be disparaged and superseded by a love of glitter."

A lively set of young people formed at that time a critical concert audience, the members of one of the gayest little musical circles in the world, who all gave each other *rendezvous* at the Gewandhaus concerts, on those far-famed Thursday evenings. Many, many looked down on us

at that time, shaking their heads in disapproval of such "fledglings" presuming to usurp the places of those who were highly cultivated; and yet it was not from the midst of the "fledglings" that, during a sudden pause in a Beethoven Symphony, the words "bacon paste," the subject of conversation between two ladies, sounded distinctly through the hall, the motto of which is "Res severa est verum gaudium." Oh, bright and memorable musical garland! how has it since been scattered by every wind. And yet we then thought that it would for ever remain the same!

I believe that Mendelssohn, who knew nothing whatever of our doings, would, like every warm-hearted musician, have been pleased to see how much we were in earnest in our studies. What we accomplished was as incomplete as most juvenile productions, but enthusiasm for music was deep and fervent within each of us. Then there was such happiness in being able to sing and play together, we took such harmless pleasure in the weak tea, herring salad, and mulled wine, and in all our little innocent interests and passions—and likewise in Schubert and Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, Father Bach and Mendelssohn. How they rise before me, all those charming girlish heads, fair and dark, and those bright eyes, many of which since then have been "too used to weep," and those youthful cavaliers who have long ago won names in different ways, and have long enjoyed titles and orders! How thoroughly were we in earnest in what we attempted, and carefully studied after our own fashion; how we mutually sat in judgment on each other, and dreaded each other; and how we all unanimously agreed in our enthusiasm for the one person who was the chief interest in Leipzig—Felix Mendelssohn! How many times in the course of those evenings we drank his health, how many fair lips gave toasts in his honor, while bright eyes sparkled at the words! We had also our particular favorites in the Gewandhaus concerts, and many a celebrity failed in winning our approbation; whereas we were sometimes loud in praise of those who did not till much later in life justify our enthusiasm. With what interest did we observe and discuss every gesture of the most distinguished members of the orchestra; above all, how closely we watched any exchange of smiles between David and Mendelssohn, and the friendly nod or frown of Klingel! It was then, and still is a singular arrangement of the Gewandhaus Hall, that the greater part of the audience do not sit opposite the orchestra, but face each other; thus we had to twist our necks awry the whole time, till we were exhausted, in order to see Mendelssohn directing. Sometimes, during the long interval, he was to be seen in one of the two boxes above the orchestra, chatting for a time. I think a Gewandhaus concert seen in perspective from the boxes on a level with the chandelier, must have given the impression of a bed of flowers, in the rich adornment of those pretty heads, dark and fair and gayly decked, and all those elegant *toilettes* where brilliant colors preponderated; and though there was much to hear, assuredly there was not less to see. Alas! how many a fragrant rose, then in its bloom, has long been faded and dead!

Musical Pitch.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

Acuteness is brilliancy! Altitude is brightness!! There never was a greater fallacy in the whole history of error. The heavens have forbidden it ever since the creation, and have made their protest manifest to man ever since he was inspired to calculate the distances and to analyze the composition of the stars. Yet, while astronomers and other men of science reverentially pro-

less the opposite conviction, it is possible, strangely possible, and not only possible, but true, that some musicians assert the mistake and maintain it as steadfastly as if it were Gospel. Unhappily, some of these stand in high and authoritative places, and have thus the power of enforcing their false creed, to the destruction of voices, to the deterioration of instruments, and to the injury of music. Hence the present superiority of the musical pitch of England over that of all other countries—most inferior superiority, when sound is higher than sense and intonation is higher than reason! And hence the present endeavor on the part of many admirable artists to serve humanity and to benefit art by obtaining, not an innovation in the matter, but a restoration of our musical pitch to the standard of half a century ago.

The analogy is perfect between sound and light in respect to quality, and nothing but quality, being the cause of its more or less brightness of character. This same quality results wholly from the peculiar constitution of the sound-giving or light-giving body. Thus it is not the proximity or remoteness of the orbs of heaven, not even their relative magnitude, that induces the greater or less intensity of their light, which is entirely a consequence of the proportions and combinations of their chemical elements. Thus also, it is not the acuteness or gravity of a musical sound,—not even its loudness or softness, that induces the greater or less brilliancy of tone, which in like manner is entirely a consequence of the peculiar structure of the natural or artificial organ by which it is produced. Every one knows that the tone of a Stradivarius violin is more brilliant and that of an Amati sweeter than the other; that the tone of an oboe is more piercing than that of a clarinet; that the tone of trumpet, when played pianissimo, is brighter than that of a flute; that the tone of Mr. Santley's voice is more brilliant than that of Signor Foli, as was the tone of Mme. Grisi's less brilliant than that of Mme. Persiani, when both these songstresses were at their meridian. Now it is a matter of taste, in certain cases a matter of fitness to some special musical expression, whether greater brilliancy or mellowness, brightness or fulness, intensity or sweetness, poignancy or richness of tone be preferable; but it is a matter of fact that the one or the other quality depends upon the particular organization of the one or the other voice or instrument, and has nothing whatever to do with the acuteness or gravity of intonation. Were the case otherwise, were the assumption at the head of these remarks as true as it is unmitigably false, our lovers of brilliancy would but have to transpose all music into higher keys, and the sweetness of an Amati would scintillate into the brilliancy of a Stradivarius, the mellow richness of a clarinet would be transformed into the poignancy of the oboe, the delicate softness of the flute would be changed into the piercing brightness of the trumpet, and all voices, male and female, would forfeit their individuality and merge their identity into that of all others. Even between pianofortes the amount of power would be the only point of choice, and all the nice gradations of quality would be lost which render this or that speciality of tone more delightful to one or another hearer; since an extra turn of the tuning fork would produce the brilliancy which some persons desire at any or at all cost.

It is of course admitted on all hands, since it would be idiosyncrasy to dispute the position, that the voice of man, being produced by natural organs, cannot be strained beyond its natural limits without serious detriment to these organs; and the average shorter career of the best singers of the last generation than of the great vocalists who preceded them in time, proves that the recent extravagant upward tendency of the pitch has had the sad effect of straining their voices, of prematurely wearing out their vocal organs, and of rendering the exercise of their talents impossible at the time of life when their powers of perception and all their highest functions of artistry were in best perfection. With regard to voices, however, the altitude of musical pitch would be of little moment were there no past and were music to begin anew from to-day, could we be

content to bury the great works of the greatest masters and to subsist entirely upon the music of the future. Composers would then write the songs in the key of E flat which, had they lived fifty years ago, they would have written in those days in the key of E natural, and their executants would produce the same sounds, though they would call them by other names. Accordingly, modern composers for the voice write in keys with many flats even in pieces which aim at the utmost brilliancy of effect; whereas, had they been born a generation earlier, they would in agreement with the practice of that time have written the same music in the natural keys of the same alphabetical names.

The fact is otherwise with regard to artificial instruments. Wood and metal and the manufactured intestines of animals may be cut to any shortness or length without affecting their disposition to wear and tear. Here then is reason for exultation to the persons who blindly, and it must be urged, deafly, pretend that music is made more brilliant by the sharpening of its pitch! Not so; the untruth is as complete over which they would jubilate, as is that of the pretension that a voice has a different quality in a different key. The thin strings necessary for the present acute pitch have not, and cannot have, the resonance, the roundness, fullness, richness of tone of the thicker strings formerly in use. The best instruments of the violin class made at the epoch when the pitch was at the lowest, are obliged to be strengthened by the insertion or the addition (according to the practice of the repairer) of pieces of wood of a different grain from the original, and in the latter instance by glue to affix them, which cannot but affect the freedom of the vibration of the original substance, and which are declared by the best judges materially to impair the tone of the instruments. It is not the shortening of pipes that alone is needful to the raising of their pitch; the bore must be graduated in proportion to the length of a tube, and as this is made more narrow the tone it yields loses in volume. Thus, though in music that is to come the old vocal effects may be reproduced by calling the same notes other names (by saying we sing A flat what once we should have named A natural), the old instrumental effects can never be made with our thin strings, our pieced violins, and our narrowed tubes; neither can the increased tension now applied to pianoforte wires allow them to give forth such ample sonority as they would, with the present improved structure of pianofortes, were they tuned to the lower pitch that prevailed in England during the first thirty years of the Philharmonic Society. Doubtless to increase the tension and to lessen the density of strings, and to diminish the bore of pipes, attenuates their tone as much as, if not more than, it raises their pitch.

At the price, then, of all the vocal music of the best composers in every school prior to these last fifty years—a considerable cost—we might continue to enjoy unimpaired, but in the ordinary course of nature, the beautiful voices of our singers in the music written to accommodate the present extravagant English height of the pitch, and nobody would have anything to regret save those who loved the greatest masterpieces of vocal music. Even this countless sacrifice, however, could not procure for us the same roundness, richness, body of tone from our present modified instruments that was yielded by those of other days; since in this case it is not the translation of the calling of the notes from past into present nomenclature—defining the B flat of our infancy as the A of our manhood,—but the changing of the very sound of the notes, define these by whatever name one may, through the altered constitution of the artificial instruments which produce them. The cry has been loud and unquestionably just in behalf of vocalists, that our pitch should be lowered; but the claims of instruments, not to say instrumentalists, for the restitution of their rights in respect of tone are immeasurably stronger. I know, indeed, that it was the practice of De Beriot to tune his violin for the performance of certain pieces, sometimes a tone, sometimes more than a tone, above the pitch of the accompanying

orchestra, so that when he fingered in the key of D he truly played, for example, in accordance with the other instruments in the key of E. I know that even Mozart, in his double concerto for violin and viola, employed the same expedient, writing the part for the latter in the key of D, and those for the former and all the orchestral instruments in the key of E flat; but I do not know that anything can be gained by such extra tightening of the strings besides an increase of facility in playing the extreme top notes, the stop of the violin being in proportion to the length of the string, irrespective of the pitch of its open note.

(To be Continued).

Hector Berlioz.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette of March 11th).

The composer whose death we announced on Tuesday was, in some respects a remarkable man. The quality of greatness will scarcely be claimed for him. He filled a large space in the world's regard, as Liszt did in his working days, and as Wagner still does, by reason of eccentricity rather than of merit. Thus it would be vain to expect—that we assuredly do not hope—that Berlioz, any more than his just named contemporaries, will have an abiding influence upon music. He disturbed its legitimate progress while living, but with the removal of the cause the effect will cease. For all this, however, Berlioz was a musician of importance, and one whose passing away deserves more than simple mention.

While a youth Berlioz came up to Paris from his native place (a village in the Isère department) for the purpose of studying medicine. He soon played the chief part in a familiar little domestic drama. Medicine was not his vocation (though he might have done less harm even as a doctor than as a composer), and having quitted it against the paternal wish, Berlioz was thrown on the world to make what he could of himself. He set to work in earnest, and began his musical career as a chorus singer at the *Gymnase Dramatique*. The second step was to give lessons, and the third, to take lessons himself. His talents were not precocious—he entered the *Conservatoire* a man of twenty-three—but an ambitious and enterprising spirit soon brought the future "chief pillar of modern development" into notice. The time was in his favor. France, during the few years preceding the revolution of 1830, was agitated by novel theories in politics, philosophy and religion. "Why not also in art?" Berlioz seems to have asked himself, answering the question in a practical manner by propounding one of the boldest heresies music has ever known. The central idea of his system must be found in the later works of Beethoven. That great master, however, can scarcely be held responsible for its existence, and not at all for its development. While it is true that Beethoven suggested the "programme music" which Berlioz taught as his highest and truest form of art, he did so incidentally. The expression of ideas was not his aim. "Beethoven in his symphonies," says a modern writer, "may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic—if they do not stir the soul with a keen delight, then, let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the audience with musical emotions." The truth of this was never absent from Beethoven's mind, and hence his works are above everything in works of art. They develop an ideal more than they express ideas; and so far as ideas are expressed at all the result is due in most instances rather to chance moods and states of mind than to deliberate intention. It must be granted, however, that Beethoven, especially in his last few compositions, gave Berlioz a point of departure, and from it the young French musician started upon his career. All he took of Beethoven was the notion of conveying ideas in musical sounds (the thing most easily appropriated), but

this fully suited his purpose. Berlioz speedily developed it into a system, and did not shrink from putting his system, when developed, to the severest test. In the "Symphonie Fantastique—Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste" and in "Romeo et Juliette" he fully showed of how much, or rather how little, the theory he advocated was capable. Those who are at all acquainted with the works of Berlioz will not ask a discussion upon their chief characteristics. Let it suffice to say that the basis upon which they stand is utterly false and rotten. Music will not lend itself to "programmes," and if it be forced to describe events and circumstances it takes a revenge by always doing so equivocally. Schumann himself, whose early leaning to the Berlioz doctrines is unmistakable, saw this and recognized the danger. "It is a bad sign for music," said the whilom lover of "supercriptions," "when it needs a super-scription; for it is a proof that it is not the result of genuine inspiration, but some outward suggestion. That our art is able to express a great many things, and even to follow the course of an event, who will deny? But those who are inclined to test the value of the images thus originated can do so easily—they need only erase the supercriptions." To what a ludicrous extent composers of the Berlioz school have carried the idea which Schumann had sense enough to abandon is well-known. M. Schluter asserts that modern tone-poets usually invent a title after writing the music, and tells of one who doubted whether to call his overture "Minna von Barnheim" or "Clavino," and of another who hesitated between "Abd-el-Kader" and "The Falls of Schaffhausen." We cannot sum up the entire Berlioz theory better than by quoting a passage from M. Felix Clément's "Musiciens Célèbres," one of the few trustworthy expressions of opinion the book contains. Speaking of Berlioz and his imitators M. Clément says: "They seek truth of expression, and they find hyperbole. Natural contrasts are replaced by strange antitheses; serene light by a dull day. For the idiom of art is substituted a polyglot vocabulary of which the initiated alone possess the secret. Keys are disconnected, relations and affinities destroyed, and the result is chaos." Remembering a certain overture to "King Lear," he must be bold who would dispute M. Clément's dictum.

While yet a novice in the Conservatoire classroom Berlioz began to embody the ideas he had formed. In two years he wrote the overtures to "Waverley" and "Les Francs Juges," as well as the "Symphonie Fantastique" already mentioned. The next year (1829) "Les Concerts des Sylphes" appeared, and in 1830 his cantata, "Sardanapale," gained the first Conservatoire prize, enabling him to visit Italy. The journey in no degree changed his peculiar notions, for at Rome he produced the "King Lear" overture and the symphony "Le Retour à la Vie." Like Schumann, Berlioz used the press to defend his theory, and in several papers, especially the *Journal des Débats*, he returned blow for blow with unflagging vigor. But, as a composer, he was not idle, writing successively the symphony "Harold en Italie" (purporting to represent incidents of his own career), the "Messe des Morts," the "Romeo et Juliette" symphony, and the "Carnaval Romain" overture, lately played at the Crystal Palace. The merit of all these works was fiercely contested, but the composer's opponents signally triumphed when "Benvenuto Cellini," an opera in two acts, was produced at the Académie (September, 1838) and promptly damned. By this time Berlioz must have discovered the musical opinion of France to be hopelessly against him, and one result probably was the German tour of 1843. He crossed the Rhine too soon, for the modern school of German music had not then worked much mischief. "We were not prepared," says Brendel, "for Berlioz's innovations." His works were pronounced insignificant, having nothing attractive about them but a "brilliant ethereal coloring." Once more the audacious musician resolved to challenge his Parisian critics, and in December, 1846, "La Damnation de Faust," called an "oratorio fantastique," was brought out at the Theatre Comique. As might

have been expected, this extraordinary series of musical pictures—among which, however, there are some worth preserving—failed to conciliate public taste. (In Vienna, twenty years later, it had an enthusiastic welcome from young Germany.) This work was the apotheosis of the Berlioz theory; and, having written it, the composer relaxed his efforts, and, to some extent, his opinions. The oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," and the five-act opera, "Les Troyens," produced at the Lyrique in 1863, show some signs of a return to the correct principles of art, but not enough to guard against opposition and dislike. How far Berlioz would have retraced his steps can only be conjectured. We may, however, regret that so great talents should have been devoted all through life to the spread of ideas every way injurious to art. The composer was not without honor in his own country. As Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, librarian of the Conservatoire, and member of the Institute, Berlioz filled a respectable position. But no more in his case than in any other are such things a gauge of real worth.

The connection of Berlioz with England was very slight. His works found but little favor here, and he himself is remembered chiefly as the conductor of some orchestral concerts at Exeter Hall many years ago, in which capacity he directed perhaps the best performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony ever given.

We have before said, what we now repeat, that the influence of Berlioz is likely to be very transient. The art of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn is not likely suffer permanently from the errors of a man whose extravagance was its own antidote.

Hector Berlioz.

The following notice of his life and works appeared in the *Athenæum* of March 13. "The first impression awakened by the news is, that the active life just closed has been a long mistake. Berlioz has been one of the *hommes incompris du siècle*. Born in 1803, he began to work at his darling pursuit just when the romantic reaction against the classic in Art, which had obtained unlimited acceptance in the Napoleonic times, was daily gaining fresh strength. It was natural that the enthusiastic young musician should sympathize with the movement. He did more; he sought to effect a revolution in music which should correspond with the revolution that had been made in literature. Anticipating to some extent the ideas of Herr Richard Wagner, he conceived the notion that all music should have a distinctly defined object. Hence the mass of "programme-music" which in the course of years he produced, and which has fallen into the neglect that awaits all Art, whatever its merits, created on false principles. The very opposition which Berlioz encountered in his early years had the effect of fixing him firmly in every purpose which he made. He was sent to Paris to learn medicine, and when his father, irritated at his preference for music, cut off all his supplies, the youth accepted the place of chorus-singer in a theatre in order to pursue his favorite study. Entered as a pupil of the Conservatoire, he incurred the dislike, natural enough, of Cherubini, but nevertheless, after numerous rebuffs, he eventually triumphed, and in 1830, when he was twenty-seven years of age, obtained for a cantata, 'Sardanapale,' the *premier prix de Rome*. Finding that his works—such as a Mass, first given at St. Roch, overtures, entitled 'Waverley' and 'Les Francs Juges,' and a symphony styled 'Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste'—brought more derision than fame, Berlioz determined to educate the public into an understanding of the principles on which he worked. With this object he began to contribute to various newspapers articles on musical subjects—including some wild analyses of Beethoven's symphonies, then all but unknown in Paris—and at length, securing the *Journal des Debats* for a pulpit, he became the most influential musical critic in France. His symphonies, 'Harold in Italy' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' both known in London, and both filled with musical thoughts of rare

beauty, and his brilliant and eccentric overture, 'Le Carnaval Romain,' heard a few weeks ago at Sydenham, were—now that his position was recognized—received with unopposed praise. Berlioz was powerless, however, to command success upon the stage. His 'Benvenuto Cellini,' produced at the Grand Opera in 1838, proved a failure; and when brought out at Covent Garden, fifteen years later it met, with the same disastrous fate. In like manner, 'Les Troyens'—his last work, we believe—could not hold their own when, some three years ago, the plains of Troy were transplanted to the Theatre Lyrique. 'La Damnation de Faust' and 'L'Enfance du Christ,' make up the tale of Berlioz's larger works. He had a ready pen, and his keen sense of the ludicrous, no less than of the beautiful, gives a zest to all his writings, most of which have been collected under various fantastic titles. Perhaps the most useful labor of Berlioz's life was the compilation of his 'Traité d'Instrumentation et d'Orchestration Moderne.' His own strong point was, unquestionably, writing for the orchestra, and on this subject he spoke with the authority of a master. Hector Berlioz was not made for the universal popularity that waits only on genius; but in his death the art of music loses a keen critic, an appreciative historian, an original thinker, and a true worshipper."

Hector Berlioz.

[From "Le Ménestrel."]

A composer of boldly innovating spirit; a writer of cleverness and humor; an impassioned critic; a noble poet; a man of rare intelligence, and of excellent heart, Hector Berlioz died on Monday the 8th inst., at his residence in the Rue de Calais, Paris. He was only sixty-six, but for fiery souls like his, years count double, and repose comes only with death.

While paying a tribute of homage to the memory of a great artist who experienced the singular affliction and bitter consolation of being so often misappreciated in his own country, though received in triumph everywhere abroad, it is not our intention to present our readers with a complete and thorough study of the man and of his works. Such a study, to be worthy of its object, would require a long period of reflection, and considerable development.

There is a book to be written on Berlioz. That book will be written as an act of tardy justice to one who was killed by the systematic disdain of his countrymen. He died of that disdain, which is a disease unknown to vulgar minds, but which is a frightful disease, the torture of every minute, for a man who, feeling his own superiority, and obeying the imperious necessity experienced by an artist of making others share the impressions by which he himself is seized and carried away into the Ideal, beholds himself condemned by the crowd to live in the crowd, struggling with his solitary aspirations, or, what is worse, to receive from commonplace courtiers commonplace flattery, or insincere praise. Oh! how horrible is the praise which does not hit upon the essential qualities of a man's works, the omnibus-like praise, the stereotyped compliments! What stabs, inflicted by well-meaning fools on men of genius, or inventors! Indifference is a thousand times better. Indifference wounds our *amour propre*, but it fortifies our pride, and doubles our strength until the last is gloriously crushed.

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the works of Berlioz, he will always stand forth as possessing the most marked individuality in the romantic school of music, as endowed with one of the most original and most poetic minds of the age. His whole life was one desperate struggle for the triumph of a system of musical poetry of which we may not approve, but which he at least invented, and which did not lack imitators, commencing with Richard Wagner.

But Wagner, having departed from his model to obey the extreme consequences of an anti-musical system of music, has raised church upon church, dogma upon dogma. At last, Berlioz was able to say of the school of the Future, despite the first-rate beauties to be found in all the scores of the German Revolutionist: "If such is this religion it is exceedingly novel, I own, but I am far from professing it; I never did belong to it; I do not belong to it, and I never shall belong to it; I raise my hand, and I swear: *non credo*. There is one thing I believe firmly: the Beautiful is not horrible, and the Horrible is not beautiful. It is not, no doubt, the exclusive object of music to be agreeable to the ear, but it is a thousand times less its object to be disagreeable to the ear, to torture, and to flay it."

The fanatics of the new school were naturally indignant at such a profession of faith, solemnly uttered by a great composer. The traitor!—they exclaimed, to repudiate thus the doctrines of a harmonic religion of which he was so long the self-constituted high priest, especially in *Romeo et Juliette*.

I determined to see what grounds there were for this accusation, and, therefore, obtained the score of the work so deeply compromised. Well, I who like only those passages of the Music of the Future in which it agrees with the good music of the Present—I passed a delicious evening reading this fine score, one of the things that most dazzled me in my youth. *Romeo et Juliette*, when I heard it, many years ago, with an imposing orchestra, and a numerous chorus, under the direction of the author himself, produced in me one of those profound but undeterminate sensations which do not command enthusiasm though they inspire respect. I saw before me a great artist; I felt I did; my reason told me that I was listening to grandiose music, full of poetry; but it was only with difficulty that my ear, then inexperienced, could follow its ingenious and bold development; on the other hand, the accents of the melody, chaste, voluptuous, fantastic, gloomy, brilliant, ardent, impassioned, in turn, but always bearing the stamp of genius, that is to say, of originality, merely glided lightly over my heart without penetrating it. In the presence of this original work I remained cold but dazzled, as an inhabitant of the plains of Texas, or of the volcanic mountains of Peru, would be, if suddenly transported, without any preparation, from those solitary and distant regions into the midst of a city like Paris, on some grand fête day.

Since that period I have understood Berlioz's music better, and, I repeat, the personal of the great symphonist's celebrated work procured me a most interesting and most happy evening by my fire-side.

I heard with my eyes the notes which were dead upon the paper, but which were vibrating, warm and full of life, in my son—a phenomenon arising from the memory of sounds, which is nothing more nor less than prolonged sensation. I heard and I applauded the ingenious instrumental introduction, the prologue, bearing the stamp of savage grandeur, the poetic strophes which follow it, the *scherzetto à deux temps*, which transports you into the fantastic realms of Queen Mab, whom I afterwards saw appear in a *scherzo* of incomparable effect; then the festivities at Capulet's; symphonic pages scored as no one had ever scored before Berlioz; the admirable scene of love and of despair, a masterpiece of exquisite sentiment, of noble and tender poetry; then that other scene, Juliet's funeral procession; and the garden scene, where the young Capulets, coming from the feast, sing a double chorus, containing reminiscences of the ball music; lastly the invocation at the awakening of Juliet; the great quarrel of the Capulets and the Montagues, partly made up of designs from the prologue, above which we hear bursting forth the angry and tumultuous voices of both parties, suddenly interrupted by the revelation of Friar Lawrence, which is followed by the oath of reconciliation between the rival families. Yes, I heard all these splendid pages, worthy the immortal text of Shakespeare, which inspired them, and both my mind and my heart were entranced.

Many persons have imagined that the Muse of Berlioz was a rebellious Muse, and that he worked with difficulty; this is a mistake: he never wrote except when in the vein, and in obedience to an inspiration. What more curious example of this can be afforded than by the history of *La Damnation de Faust*, the book and music of which he wrote simultaneously?

It was while travelling in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Silesia, that Berlioz laid the foundation of this work so curiously original and striking. He extemporized the verses just as the musical ideas suggested themselves to him, and at no other time did he ever experience such facility in working. "I wrote when I could and where I could: in a carriage; on a railway; in steamboats; and even in the towns, despite the various cares imposed upon me by the concerts I had to give." It was in an inn at Tarsau, on the Bavarian frontier, that he wrote the introduction:

"La viel hiver a fait place aux printemps."

At Vienna, he sketched out the scenes on the banks of the Elba, the air for Mephistopheles, "Voici les Roses," and that incomparable *scherzo*, the ballet of the sylphids. Just as he was setting out for Hungary, he scored and developed the famous Hungarian March upon Rakoczy's motive, a march which procured him, a Frenchman, a very handsome crown, as a tribute of homage from the youth of Gior. In Pesth, by the gas-light of a shop, he wrote down in pencil the choral burden of the "Ronde des Paysans." At Prague, he got up in the night to write the cho-

rus of angels for the apotheosis of Margherite,—

"Remonte au ciel, âme naïve,
Que l'amour égare."

At Breslau he wrote the words and the music for the Latin song of the students,—

"Jam nox stellata
Velaminis pandit."

"The rest," he tells us, "was written in Paris, but always extempore; in my own house; at a café, in the Tuileries Gardens; and even upon a post on the Boulevard du Temple. I did not seek for the ideas; I allowed them to come, and they presented themselves in the most unexpected order."

This astonishing facility in extemporizing works, though sometimes very complicated, explains the considerable number which Berlioz left, independently of his effusions as a literary critic, and notwithstanding the time he spent in getting up concerts to render the public acquainted with his music. We will mention a few of the works of this composer whose loss we shall always regret.

In the way of dramatic music and oratorio, we find: *Benvenuto Cellini* (opera, 3rd September, 1838); *Beatrice et Benedict*, comic opera in two acts, represented at Baden; *Les Troyens*, grand opera in five acts (Theatre-Lyrique, 1864); *Romeo et Juliette*, grand dramatic symphony, with chorus, vocal solos, and choral prologue; *La Damnation de Faust*, a legend in four acts; *La Fuite en Egypte*, oratorio in three parts.

In the domain of instrumental music, we may mention,—the overtures to *Waverley*, *King Lear*, of the *Carnaval Romain*, of the *Frances Juges*, and of *Le Corsaire*; the *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, a fantastic symphony in five parts; *Harold in Italie*, a symphony in four parts; *Symphonie funebre et triomphale*, three parts, &c.

For the voice: *Irlande*, collection of melodies; *Les Nuits d'Été*, id.; *Fleurs des Landes*, id.; *Feuilles d'Album*, id.; *Vox Populi*, two grand choruses with orchestra; *Tristia*, three choruses with orchestra; "La Captive," "Sara la Baigneuse," &c.

We must not forget the *Messe des Morts (Requiem)*; "Le cinq Mai," a song upon the death of Napoleon; *Le Retour à la Vie*, a "Melologue," or mixture of music and prose with vocal solos, chorus, and orchestra; and a "Te Deum" for two choruses, orchestra, and organ, &c.

Berlioz published, also, a grand *Traité d'instrumentation*. He scored, besides the "Marseillaise," the "Marche marocaine" of Léopold de Meyer, and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." He has left, moreover, some *Memoirs*.

A few particulars concerning the last days of his life will not be without interest for the musical world that laments his loss, nor for his sorrowing friends.

Ever since the fall he had at Nice, on his return from Russia, the health of Berlioz, already much shaken, became worse and worse. He sometimes lost his memory, and forgot the names of his most intimate friends. Sometimes, too, he appeared to be deprived of all perception. It was in one of these moments, when his intellectual life seemed to have left him, that music worked a perfect miracle upon his soul.

Mme. Charton-Demeur called upon the illustrious patient. A visit from the great French vocalist, who had so worthily created the part of Dido in *Les Troyens*, was always a poetic consolation for Berlioz, bringing with it an alleviation of his physical sufferings. But on the day in question—I am speaking of some three months since—he could not even smile on her. He gazed without seeing her, and made no reply to the voice of friendship. Mme. Charton Demeur then thought she would try music, that language which still speaks to the soul, when words are no longer heard by the mind. She sat down at the piano and sang some phrases from the opera of *Armida*, the score of which was open upon the instrument. At the accents of Gluck, Berlioz awoke from his torpor; he recognized the fair singer, pressed her hand, thanked her, rose, and talked. He was restored to life for art and by art, beating time, applauding, making observations on the lost traditions of Gluck's music, and weeping with joy. "Ah!" exclaimed Mme. Charton, "that is his food; music is what he requires, and for the future he shall not be without it."

She wanted to get up, with Saint-Saëns, for the patient, and at his house, special musical performances. Unluckily, the fact of his disease becoming more aggravated every day did not allow her to carry out her noble project.

The last time Berlioz gave any signs of intellectual life was on the 17th December. On that day he appeared more depressed than ever, and death was already hovering over his eagle-head, so proud, so sharply marked, and so artistically energetic. Paralysis had struck him dumb, and the words address-

ed to him remained unanswered. But Mme. Charton wanted the dying man to make an effort—to write his name in Mlle. Nilsson's album. "My dear Berlioz," she said, bending gently over him, "I want to ask you a favor. You know Mlle. Nilsson, whom you applauded in *Don Juan*; she likes you very much, and would be most delighted if she could have your signature in her album. You alone are wanting. All the great men are there,—Rossini, Auber, Lamartine, and Hugo. Will you not do me a service, and grant her this favor?"

Berlioz heard her, understood her, and made certain movements. The album was brought him. By one of those returns to life which are met with in men of nervous constitutions and completely baffled science, Berlioz took the large book on his knees, traced a dozen staves, and, without making a fault, wrote the words and music of one of his earliest melodies, "Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée." Mme. Charton was weeping, and my own eyes filled with tears at the recollection.

The doubtful, or, at any rate, exceedingly short, success of *Les Troyens* shook Berlioz's courage to its utmost depths. Yet there are beauties of the first order in this score, which will, perhaps, some day, be revived with brilliant results. At the very moment the composer was breathing his last, there was a knock at the door. It was M. Gevaert, who had come, telegram in hand, to announce the great success of *Les Troyens* at Moscow. Poor Berlioz! This last piece of consolation failed him.

He lay upon his death-bed, calm and majestic. The flight of his soul had imparted to his features an indescribable and sublime expression of serenity, which imposed respect and banished fear. He might have been taken for Dante, the great Italian poet. The friends who never quitted him, and who received his dying breath, are Ernst Reyer, Edouard Alexandre, and Damke, the composer. The last two are the executors under his will.

Berlioz has bequeathed to his mother-in-law, Mme. Recio, the mother of his second wife (his first was the English tragic actress, Miss Smithson) a sum of 20,000, and a life annuity of 4,000 francs. These modest savings were inherited from his father, and not derived from music. Art, of which he will ever be one of the noblest representatives, produced him only regrets, with some few moments of ineffable delight.

OSCAR COMETTANT.

The funeral service of Hector Berlioz was celebrated in the church of the Trinity. The corners of the pall were held, from the house of mourning to the church, by M. Guillaume, President of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Camille Doucet, member of the French Academy; Baron Taylor; and M. Emile Perrin, manager of the Grand Opera. From the church to the cemetery of Montmartre, they were held by M. Ambroise Thomas and M. Gounod, members of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Nougé Saint Laurens, member of the Legislative Body; and M. Perrin. The Institute sent a deputation, consisting of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Dumont, Pils, Martinet, Guillaume, and Beulé.

During the funeral service, the following music was performed by the orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opera, conducted by M. George Hainl, and by the singing-boys of the Trinity, conducted by M. Grisy: The "Introit" from Cherubini's *Requiem*; Mozart's "Lacrymosa"; the "Hostias" and "Preces" from the deceased composer's own *Requiem*, sung by a double quartet of artists belonging to the Grand Opera; the March from Gluck's *Alceste*; and the Funeral March by Liszt, with Sax's instruments. The ceremony was brought to a close by the March from Berlioz's *Harold*, arranged for the organ by M. Chauvet.

The way to the Montmartre Cemetery was lined with considerable crowds. A band of the National Guards performed funeral marches during the passage of the procession.

The body is laid in a family vault.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 4).

"My chief aim," says Mr. Eichberg, in the introduction to his Report, "was to surround myself with such facts and data as I could get from men foremost in the cause of public musical education, or of such other artists, who, without being teachers themselves, have attracted public notice, by the clearness and practical nature of their views in the matter."

"Popular musical instruction is now receiving a vastly greater attention than formerly. Its value as a civilizer of nations, its importance for the æsthetic culture of all, high and low, have never been underrated by German educators, but those entrusted to teach music in the schools were, with some excep-

tions, selected more for their general pedagogical than specifically musical excellence. This has been changed for the better, and music in public schools has enlisted either the active cooperation or, at least, the earnest interest of the most eminent musicians in Germany. Not only does this seem evident to me from the good musical training school-teachers are now receiving, but also from the superior character of most musical publications devoted to that end. While formerly (at a period within my own recollection) the music in use was an indiscriminate selection from works of little or no value, the recently published music-books show a vastly improved judgment on the part of their compilers."

Referring to the manner in which music is now taught in the public schools of some of the principal cities of Germany, he says:

"Music is not taught uniformly in the Hamburg public schools, but the several teachers instruct independently of system. Two music lessons, of one hour each, are given to the pupils, either by their regular, or, in the higher schools, by an appointed special teacher. In the Latin School, four-part songs, motets and chorals are sung, the lower classes singing soprano and alto, while the higher classes take the tenor and basso parts. Pupils are not allowed to sing during the mutation of the voice, but have to be present at the music lessons. Great care is taken to avoid choruses requiring great extent of vocal compass. I found here Mr. Benedict Widmann's different publications well spoken of. They are named 'Little Singing School, for the Three Divisions of Boys' and Girls' Schools,' and 'Preparatory Instruction in Singing.' These two little works (sixty-four and eighty-two pages respectively, in 12mo) contain many novel ideas on class teaching. He not only strongly advocates musical instruction in the Primary Schools, but maintains that the imitative faculties of the child render the teaching of singing far easier at an early age than it would be when the vocal organs have passed the period of their elastic softness."

"Not much has been done in Berlin, since the war, for music in schools. On arriving I presented myself to the Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Von Mühler, who directed me to the Royal Music Directors, Taubert and Ludwig Erk, as possessing the most information on the subject. The former being absent from Berlin, I applied to Mr. Erk, who holds the place of chief teacher of music at the Royal Seminary in Berlin. He gave me an extended description of the method in use at the seminary (we would call it here State Normal School). The musical requirements of a public school-teacher are the following:

- (a.) Singing at sight and harmony.
- (b.) Some proficiency in violin and piano-playing.
- (c.) Capabilities in rudiment teaching.
- (d.) Directing church-music and organ-playing.

(The latter (d.) because the school-master in the smaller towns and villages fills also the place of organist.)"

"In Prussia," says Mr. Eichberg, "according to Baron Alexander von Sybel, the insufficiency of the funds allotted to Musical Instruction by the State and Municipal Budgets prevents the engagement of experienced music teachers in the Public Schools, and, with the exception of the principal cities, such as Berlin, Königsberg and Cologne, and Frankfurt and Cassel in the newly annexed territories, musical instruction was rather a matter of routine than an object of live interest in the schools. On questioning Mr. Erk about this statement, the latter assured me that a great deal of improvement had taken place lately and that legislative action was shortly expected which would regulate and systematize the whole matter of popular musical instruction."*

Mr. Eichberg attributes this present meagreness in the appropriation of funds by the State to the drain upon its Treasury caused by the recent war and "the perhaps not groundless fear of another to come."

"During my stay in Berlin," continues Mr. Eichberg, "I acquainted myself with a large number of works on school-music and procured, among others, a copy of Dr. E. Fischer's book 'on Singing and Vocal Instruction' (now almost out of print), whose author was one of the pioneers of musical instruction in the Schools of Prussia. This remarkable essay is replete with useful hints to teachers and those having charge of schools. Among its many truisms I might be permitted to quote the following:

"The main hindrance to successful music instruction in schools lies in the indifference with which the subject is viewed by the School Directors and the rest of the teachers. It is not enough to set apart the required time for the lessons and not to hinder them

otherwise, but the Director (master) of the School ought to manifest his interest by frequently assisting at the lessons and to make use of music on all fit occasions. This is the more indispensable as pupils are not (unfortunately) submitted to regular examinations in music as in the other branches. The indifference of the masters is promptly perceived by the pupils and they necessarily form their own conclusions as to the unimportance of this study."

"Many more portions of Dr. Fischer's book could be quoted, all showing the necessity of placing music on a par with the other departments in the Public Schools."

"The first regular instruction in German Schools was given in the Berlin Gymnasium, in the year 1811, previous to which time such instruction was only and imperfectly given to such of the pupils as were employed in the musical performances of the church. The highest degree to which instruction is brought in the Prussian schools consists in enabling the pupils to sing correctly such works as Bernhard Klein's four-part motets, and choruses by Homilius, Handel, and other classical composers. In Berlin the most advanced pupils of the schools and gymnasium meet occasionally for the practice of some more extended work, and on certain occasions (such as distribution of prizes), whole parts of oratorios have been performed by the scholars, to general acceptance,—the bass and tenor parts being sung by the pupils of the high schools and gymnasium. The best pupils of the High School (Real-Schule) are, as a reward, allowed to sing in Professor Erk's Singing Society. I have to add that Mr. Erk thinks that a class of from forty to fifty pupils is as large as can be successfully instructed together."

"The Director of the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, Mr. Conrad Schleinitz, referred me to Prof. R. Müller, teacher of music at the Thomas School, as most qualified to explain to me the method of public music teaching in the Leipzig schools. These schools are divided into eight grades or classes, the three lowest of which, (corresponding, as I take it, to our Primary Schools) sing exclusively by rote, and go through such rhythmical and melodic exercises as are best calculated to lay a sound foundation for the theoretical instruction, which begins in the fourth class (corresponding with the lower classes of our Grammar Schools). The Primary classes receive their musical instruction from their regular teachers. From the fourth to the eighth class, inclusive, the lessons are given by music teachers especially engaged by the city for that purpose. Prof. Müller is one of these teachers and makes use, for his classes, of a small text-book compiled by himself, and which did not strike me as having any particular merit, either in plan or execution. Two lessons, of one hour each, are given per week to each class. Mr. Müller, who appears to be a very experienced and intelligent teacher, uses in his female classes only two-part exercises, as, in his judgment, it is injurious to the alto voices to circumscribe themselves within the small compass generally allotted to the lowest of three-part songs. I informed him that we avoided such injurious effects (in our High and Normal department, at least) by making the altos occasionally take the second soprano, and vice versa."

"Two weekly lessons, of one hour each, are devoted to music throughout the Kingdom of Saxony, but I failed to learn that music received any particular attention on the part of the Saxon school authorities. From information I received here and in Dresden, I am rather led to believe that music in the schools is rather tolerated than considered an object worthy of the greatest interest. All that is demanded of school choirs is the correct rendering of short motets and secular compositions,—reading at sight being neither demanded nor expected."

"Among the works in use in the Leipzig schools (and in Saxony generally) are the following:

"C. H. Voigt, People's Songs; Ludwig Erk, One Hundred School Songs; Heinrich Bellermann, Rudiments of Music; August Todt, Song Book for Public Schools, Book II; in addition to Mr. Müller's book, above mentioned. Most of these works contain novel and interesting matter and ideas, while the selection of songs is uniformly of a sound musical character, and much of it quite available for our three musical divisions."

"While in Leipzig my attention was directed by several teachers to the highly interesting work by E. Richter, teacher and Royal music director in the Seminary at Steinau, on the Oder, bearing the title: 'Directions for the Instruction in Singing in the Public Schools.'

"In the short space of one hundred and eighteen pages the author gives an exhaustive exposé of his views on the subject. The work is divided into two parts."

1st. Preparatory Instruction for Primary Schools.

2d. Instruction in the 'Volks-schule,' (corresponding to our Grammar Schools.)

"In this, as in most recently published books of its class, attention is drawn to the importance of the study of sacred music in schools. The protestant chorals of Germany have been considered in all times, and by the most illustrious composers, as the main basis of sound popular musical instruction. No music is more capable of improving the taste of the masses and acquainting them with the canons of the beautiful in music. These eloquent musical utterances of times long gone by will, sooner or later, have to form a principal object of study in our schools. To this day they are comparatively unknown in America. While I am in favor of the study of good secular works, yet do I venture to assert that not only will a systematic study of chorals be of benefit to the present pupils, but its excellent effect upon musical taste will be felt a long time after this present generation shall have faded away."

"In the future school music books, these and other chorals by the old composers ought, of necessity, to take the place now too often filled by modern psalm and hymn tunes of little or no musical value, often badly harmonized, and consequently gravely injurious to the taste of the pupils."

"In an interview with Robert Franz, in Halle, (Saxony), this great composer spoke most eloquently of the importance of strictly controlling the musical selections and keeping it constantly before the eye, that the musical development of this whole country depends on the first impressions the pupils receive in our schools,—that he only was to be intrusted with the teaching whose artistical convictions were of the right stamp. He also spoke of the necessity of an early cultivation of the ear and rhythmical feeling. My accounts of music in Boston were listened to with the utmost sympathy. The almost total deafness of Robert Franz cannot fail to awaken a feeling of sorrow among his many admirers in Boston."

"Dresden, the capital of Saxony, has always wielded a large musical influence throughout Germany. As early as under the reign of Elector August the Strong, the opera and orchestra in Dresden were considered the finest in the world. I was here directed for information to the well-known artist, Prof. Graben Hoffman, who not only has been for years the leading singing teacher in Dresden (both private and in the schools), but whose several works on music, and on "music as taught in the schools," have won for him the respect of his German colleagues. One of his works, "The cultivation of the singing voice," Dresden, 1865, is extensively used in German institutions, and is often quoted in musical writings as an unquestionable authority."

"As in most of the German cities, music is here taught twice each week, one hour at a time. The attendance of the pupil is obligatory, unless exempted for sufficient reasons, such as chronic disease of the throat or a defective ear. The first instruction in the Primary Schools is given by the teachers themselves, and begins at an age varying between six and seven years. The primary pupils are merely trained to sing in tune and good time a certain number of well selected melodies, both sacred and secular. Though simple in the extreme, the Primary School songs are well adapted, not only to acquaint the child with measure and intonation, but also to influence its musical taste very favorably."

"A child might begin to learn music," says Mr. G. Hoffman, "as early as its fifth or sixth year, if the teacher be competent and knows how to train young voices." "The objects to be attained by musical instruction in the primary schools," says Mr. Hoffman, "are these:

- a. 'The awakening of the musical faculties.
- b. Cultivation of the voice and ear.
- c. Singing by rote of a number of sacred (chorals) and popular songs.
- d. Preparation for singing by note.

The higher divisions will be prepared for the per-

* The following chorals, mostly dating from the first two centuries after the Reformation, are indicated for use in schools by an order of the Prussian Minister of Instruction, dated October, 1. 2. 3. 1864:

1. Auf meinen lieben Gott.
2. Aus tiefer Noth.
3. Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag
4. Eins ist noth.
5. Herr Gott, dich loben wir.
6. Herzliebster Jesu.
7. Herzlich thut mich verlangen.
8. Jesu, meine Freude.
9. Komm, heil'ger Geist.
10. Komm, heil'ger Geist, Herr Gott.
11. Nun lob mein Seel den Herrn.
12. O Gott, du frommer Gott.
13. Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele.
14. Sollt ich meinen Gott nicht singen.
15. Was mein Gott will das gescheh allzeit.
16. Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.
17. Wer auf den lieben Gott liest walt.
18. Wir glauben all an einen Gott.

* In an appendix to his Report, Mr. Eichberg has given a list of the numerous musical works of Professor Erk, who from the beginning of his Berlin career, in 1834, till now, has devoted the whole of his leisure time to the improvement of music in the Public Schools.

formance, by note, of simple vocal compositions adapted for the use of schools, church and home life.

"Mentioning to Mr. G. Hoffman, the fact that we in Boston would not be satisfied with a programme thus limited, he replied that the opportunities for higher culture in music being so very abundant in the German cities, and within everybody's means, there was no harm in restricting the music lessons in the schools to the elements, either in theory or in practice, while we for contrary reasons should try to go over as much ground as the time given to music will permit. Mr. G. H. is now engaged at a work on singing, of which he kindly showed me the proofs, and I bespoke a copy of it for such uses as we shall be able to make of its suggestions. He was pleased with the description I gave him of the systems in use in our primary and grammar schools, and the earnestness and zeal of the music teachers of these departments met with his unstinted approval.

"In the (formerly) free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the elementary musical instruction is in the hands of the school teachers themselves, who, if as a rule their knowledge is not very extended, have at least the habit of teaching and of proceeding systematically. No text-books are used, and for practice selections of Erk and others are studied. The recently published book by Richard Wuerst, "Guide for the elementary theory of music, with a collection of secular and sacred two-part songs for the use of schools," I found here well spoken of. Its theoretical portion is condensed in the short space of six pages, the rest of the book being filled by a really choice collection of genuine church music and excellent patriotic songs. This little work, compiled by an eminent artist, has much to recommend it. As in Erk's collection, each composition bears its chronological date. To introduce these chorals into the lower classes of our Grammar Schools, would be an excellent move, not only on account of their beauty, but also from the fact that the limited compass in which these chorals move, prevents the pupils from over-exerting themselves. Two hours, or in some cases four half hours a week, are given to music in the Frankfort schools. The teacher of the high departments, including the higher citizens' school (hoehere Bürger-schule) and the gymnasium, is Prof. R. Mauss, a musician of scholarly acquirements, who very readily gave me the above information.

"The provisions for popular musical instruction in the kingdom of Wurtemberg are judicious, if not very ample. As in most of the German schools, every school teacher must be able to teach the rudiments of music, and only the upper classes are instructed by special teachers.

"Councillor Heigelin, member of the School Board of the city of Stuttgart (capital of the kingdom), wrote me, at my request concerning music in the schools, as follows:

1. 'Singing is taught in all the public schools.
2. Each class receives two hours' instruction per week.
3. The study of music is obligatory upon the pupils.
4. Every teacher (of primary and grammar schools) must instruct his own classes in music.
5. Musical instruction is given to the pupils when they first go to school.
6. Four lessons per week, of one-half hours' duration each, are given in the Primary Schools.
7. Pupils with defective ears or voices are exempted from singing.
8. The object of the music lessons are,—

To enable the pupils to sing the prescribed seventy chorals, children's two or three-part songs, and some easy sacred choruses."

"On leaving school the pupil is not expected to sing at sight.

"A somewhat more extended course is given to the pupils of the gymnasium, but it consists mainly of the practice of good choruses with very little theoretical instruction. It seems rather the desire of the school authorities to awaken a love for music than to promote the knowledge of it. I am not willing to underrate the importance of practising good music by rote only, but, limited to that, it certainly fails to produce such results as can be obtained by combining practice with theoretical instruction. All these points considered, it appears obvious to me that music is taught in a more thorough manner in Boston than in Stuttgart."

(Conclusion next time.)

LEIPZIG.—At the 18th Gewandhaus Concert, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* was performed for the first time here for several years. Mlle. Nanitz sang an air from Mozart's *Titus*, and also the series entitled "Frauenliebe und Leben." Herr Deeke, from Carlsruhe, performed the Violin Concerto, No. 7, in F minor, by Spohr, and the Romance in F major, by Beethoven.

MUNICH.—Third Soirée of the Royal Vocal Chapel,—Motet, Palestrina; "Crucifixus," Lotti; Motet, J. S. Bach; three German Folks-songs, Brahms; two Sacred Songs, Beethoven; two Madrigals, Morley, etc.—First Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy,—Overture to the *Brant von Messina*, Schumann; Pianoforte Concerto, Henselt (Herr von Bülow); Overture to *Ali Baba*, Cherubini; Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies, Liszt; and Symphony in C major, Schubert.

PESTH. The Brothers Thern lately gave a concert, when the programme included, among other compositions, Sonata, Op. 106, in B flat major, Beethoven; Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; "An die Nacht," Volkmann; and "Mazeppa," Liszt.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1869.

Music at Home.

The fortnight has been rich in good things. Among them we count two Oratorios,—one of them new, the other great; two Symphony Concerts, one on a large scale, and one on a small,—both choice; two Chamber Concerts (Listemann Quartette and Mendelssohn Quintette), besides the first of Mr. Leonhard's Piano Matinéés,—all classical. Then we must add an extra (Benefit) concert of the Quintette Club, also classical; one or two Chamber Concerts of the two Conservatories; the Great Organ played by Mr. Paine, Mr. Lang, &c.,—and we think we have the list complete.

THE EASTER ORATORIOS. Mr. Costa's "Naaman" (which probably would have been called *Elisha*, but for Mendelssohn's *Elijah*) drew a large audience, but not so large as "St. Paul" the next night; it was creditably performed (considering the novelty and, withal, the strangeness), but not nearly so well, so heartily as "St. Paul," which really possessed the singers; it was enjoyed by many, after a fashion and in parts by all, but not as a whole, nor so sincerely and deeply, nor by so many as "St. Paul," which takes hold deeper down and has the hearer's soul.

"Naaman" is clever, but is not a work of genius; you would hardly expect that of the author of "Eli," the London conductor, thorough-bred, graceful musician as he is. It is pleasing—at least where the author is content to be himself and not too ambitious to keep step with the mightier ones,—but it is not great. It is frequently pathetic, sometimes imposing, oftener brilliant, but does not seem to have sprung from any strong religious sentiment, or from a deep nature, from a real inward call to write an oratorio; not from *bona fide* inspiration, so much as from the pardonable promptings of outward position, emulation and example. It cannot be called original, unless certain ingenious contrivances of effect in the way of orchestral illustration or intensification, dramatic surprises, &c., merit that distinction; for either the composer flows on easily in the manner native and habitual to him, which is Italian operatic, very good of that kind, although commonplace, or he labors after models like *Elijah* in too obvious imitation.

It is, however, quite dramatic (sometimes melodramatic), and herein lies perhaps its best distinction. The characterization of persons is well-considered and in the main successful. Certainly the part of the captive Jewess, Adah, the "little maid," is musically individual and charming.

And it was well suited to the pure, sweet soprano and the fervent chaste, devout expression of Miss WHITTEY, who sang it beautifully. The part of the distressed Widow and the miracle of the Oil are plainly modelled after the Widow in *Elijah* and come in at the same early stage in the proceedings. Miss PHILLIPPS evidently had her own distress, that of a severe cold, so that she even sang out of tune for once, and with less force than usual, but artist-like, with true expression. She also sang the music of Timna, wife of Naaman, mostly recitative, except a solo with chorus: ("Be comforted") and the second voice in a Trio:—these more successfully; and very beautifully, touchingly and simply the Dream of the Child, the melody of which, however, is rather in the commonplace and sentimental modern English vein, somewhat ennobled by superior musicianship.

The scenes with the Shunamite woman contain some of the best and freshest music; for instance the Trio in the first part, which is in a nobler and less Italian stage style than most of the concerted pieces. There is real pathos, almost Handel-like, in the air addressed to her dead son; and in all the part the clear, true, brilliant voice and excellent delivery of Miss GATES showed to great advantage. Costa has treated the part of the prophet Elisha, both in the cut of its recitative and melody and instrumental illustration, much after the manner of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Like that, it is the central figure of the Oratorio, dignified and grand, but far less interesting. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN rendered all intelligently and carefully, with artistic style, but in a somewhat dry, hard quality of tone, which seems unfortunately to grow upon him. Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, who sings always tastefully and with good feeling, lacks only strength for the unhealthy hero, Naaman, whose approach is always heralded by a sensational and pompous march in which form of writing Costa likes to indulge a turn for ingeniously eccentric instrumentation. His distressful utterances, with their feverish *agitato* accompaniment, are perhaps worthy of the subject, certainly an ill chosen one, but the music, with some fine passages, a little wearisome. The second tenor part, Gehazi, was fairly rendered by Mr. W. J. WINCH.

The most popular pieces were the two Trios and the Quartet: "Honor and Glory." These are pleasing, graceful compositions in their way, though, with the already named exception of one, they sound as if right out of the modern Italian opera;—from one of the better families thereof, which comes nearer to—Rossini? no—think of "*Ditanti Regi*!"—but one of the respectable *juste milieu*, say Costa. The Trio: "Haste! to Samaria," is bright, but trivial.

The choruses are various in character, musician-like, interesting, but they seldom rise to grandeur, nor are the most ambitious and elaborate the best. In these the parts flow less naturally and blend less generally; the intervals are difficult; and from the very fact that they were not sung with anything like the confidence and the effect to which we are accustomed in the choruses of Mendelssohn and Handel, that voices faltered and parts were faintly audible, one could infer that the music did not take hold of the singers very strongly; they could not feel it, could not give themselves away to it as in the glorious St. Paul choruses. We doubt not many of them liked the music, in details; this they might do, and yet not feel it as a whole, not be possessed with it and borne

on, heart and soul and voice, in the resistless current. There is a simple grandeur, however, in the Choral: "When famine over Israel prevailed," which is plainly harmonized, with organ, all the orchestral voices silent except the huge bass tuba. And "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked" has a fine motive beautifully wrought out. The finale of the first part, like that in *Elijah*, is a chorus of praise and thanks for water after drought; and one must wonder how the composer could commit himself to such palpable imitation in almost all the salient particulars,—as the rush of the violins, the strange atmospheric modulations which convey the sense of moisture, &c. The chorus is skilfully wrought, graphic and exciting, but follows *longo intervallo* after "Thanks be to God who laveth the thirsty land."

The work abounds, as we have said, in striking and ingenious orchestral effects, showing great knowledge of resources, yet seeking strength and emphasis too often in barbaric brass. Several of the more melodramatic scenes, descriptions of miracles, &c., are quite suggestive.—On the whole, "Naaman" is the most important work of an accomplished musician, and was not unworthy to be brought out, considering that the Handel and Haydn Society could not get ready early enough in the season to take up the Passion Music of Bach or the "Israel" of Handel, and that, short of these great things, they had but little new to choose from. We shall be glad to hear "Naaman" again, for fear our first impression may not do it justice.

"St. Paul," on Sunday evening, was superbly rendered; the music seemed to carry all along with it. The choruses were sung with a will and came out full and round and strong; and the solos, by Miss HOUSTON, Miss PHILLIPS, Mr. J. F. WINCH (*Elijah*) and Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, were highly satisfactory.

QUARTET MATINEES. The LISTEMANN party presented the following selection on Friday, 26th ult.

Quartet in D minor (posthumous).....Schubert.
Allegro. Andante con moto. (Scherzo) Allegro molto.
Presto.
First Concerto.....Paganini.
Adagio and Rondo.
Mr. B. Listemann.
Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello.....Beethoven.

The Schubert Quartet, which we have not heard for some years, is an engaging work of great originality. The mysterious and solemn theme of the variations in the Andante is the same with that of his song: "The young girl and Death." The Quartet was finely played. Mr. LISTEMANN excited great enthusiasm by his masterly playing of the Paganini solo; it was indeed admirable virtuosity.

The B-flat Trio of Beethoven,—the great Trio—was played by Messrs. PETERSILEA, LISTEMANN and SUECK, and did not fail to make the usual deep impression.

This was the fourth and last concert of what we trust will not prove to be the last series; for it has been a true success, and has awakened a new appetite for good classical Quartet playing.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The fourth and last Chamber Concert, Tuesday, March 30, was after this programme:

Suite in Canon Form, op. 10, for two Violins, Viola, Cello and Contrabass.....Julius O. Grimm.
Allegro con brio. Andante lento. Tempo di minueto.
Allegro risoluto.
Quartet in B minor, op. 3.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro Molto. Andante. Allegro Molto. Finale
Allegro Vivace.
Miss Dutton and Club.
62d Quintet (with two cellos), in G.....Bocherini
Pastorale Amoroso and Allegro Vivace.
16th Quartet (the last) in F, op. 135.....Beethoven.

The Suite by J. O. Grimm, one of the younger German composers (born in 1830, studied at Leipzig) proved an interesting novelty. It has been played of late in New York as an orchestral work, for the strings only, though the Andante was treated *en quartette*. It is a sound, vigorous composition, the

movements well contrasted, never monotonous or dry, in spite of the persistency with which the Canon imitation is kept up through the whole. The early piano Quartet of Mendelssohn was a fortunate revival showing Miss ALICE DUTTON's powers a good advantage.—It is pleasant to get once in a while a taste of good old Bocherini, who was writing away in Spain while Haydn wrote in Vienna, and keeping up a friendly correspondence with him. He has been called "the wife of Haydn," as Luini won the title of the wife of Leonardo. Thoroughly genial, sunny, delicate and graceful are the movements of that 62nd Quintet (he was as prolific in such works as Father Haydn himself) and they were highly relished.—The last Quartet of Beethoven did not seem to win more favor or grow any clearer upon repetition, though in the *Lento* movement everybody felt the real Beethoven.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Extra Symphony Concert did not prove a great pecuniary aid to "The Musical Education of the Blind," although, thanks to the liberality of the Conductor, the soloists and several of the orchestra, who gave their services, it did yield something. The indifference of a public so eager all the winter for this kind of music is something unaccountable. There was, however, a goodly audience, and the concert in itself, artistically, was one of the very best of the whole season. Could it be otherwise, with that full orchestra of sixty, trained and assimilated by a whole winter's practice of such music, and with such a programme:

Symphony in G, No. 13, (first time this season).....Haydn.
Adagio and Allegro. Largo. Minuet and Finale.
Pianoforte Concerto in E minor, Op. 11.....Chopin.

Symphony in E flat, No. 3, (second time in Boston).
Schumann.
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

The sunny little Haydn Symphony in G—so great a favorite last year—welcome as the sunshine which that moment, after three days of dreary March rain, stole into the Music Hall and played about upon the walls and bas-reliefs—made a most charming and enlivening introduction, thoughtfully tempered by one of the noblest and most soulful of Haydn's slow movements, the *Largo*. All were in the mood then to enjoy more keenly than ever the exquisite Chopin Concerto, the charm and poesy of which Mr. HUGO LEONHARD interprets so admirably. This time he left nothing to be desired.

The "Cologne" Symphony of Schumann was capitally played and made a more splendid impression than before. It was indeed a triumphant achievement, and left no one in doubt that Schumann was a man of beautiful and great ideas, and knew how to bring them clearly out, with masterly, rich illustration. This led well up, by due material climax, to the *Tannhäuser* Overture, so that its originality and brilliancy did not seem so alien and strange, as when it follows after a more quiet Symphony of Mozart or Beethoven. Throughout the whole concert the Orchestra played never better, Mr. ZERRAHN and all his forces appearing to enter with a hearty unanimity into the spirit of the music.

Mr. B. J. LANG's first Symphony Concert, with a select Orchestra of thirty and odd instruments, at Mercantile Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, was a decided success in every respect: large and cultivated audience; fine programme (Beethoven's "Prometheus" Overture, Mozart's E flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Allegro gioioso*, played by ALICE DUTTON, and the Italian Symphony), a rendering almost perfect, under his own conductorship, thorough enjoyment, and no end of congratulations at the end. This is all that we have room to say now.

Mr. LEONHARD's first Piano Matinée (Thursday, Fast Day) comes too late for report this week.

The following got crowded out last time:
March 19. The ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY, whose concert plans thus far had been defeated by the repeated illness of their director, Mr. KREISS-

MANN, gave on Friday evening an entertainment for the members and their friends, in Tremont Temple. The hall was full, the Maennerchor in good force and training, the solo artists all established favorites, and there was true enjoyment of the following programme:

Chorus, "Hymne an die Musik".....Lachner.
Songs, "Dichterliebe".....Schumann.
Volkslieder.
Choruses, a. "Der Schweizer".....Silcher.
b. "Der Soldat".....Schumann.
Song, "Er der Herrlichste".....Schumann.
Miss Addy Ryan.
Opus 22, "Andante spianato".....F. Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhardt.
Chorus, "Schoen Rohntraut".....Veit.
Duet, "Unter'm Fenster".....Schumann.
Miss Addy Ryan and Mr. Kreissmann.
Chorus, "Das Reh".....Gade.
Choruses, a. "Gendelfahrt".....Gade.
b. "Die Studenten".....Krebs.
Song, "Wanderlied".....Krebs.
Mr. Carl Schraubstadter.
Duet, "Figaro".....Mozart.
Miss Addy Ryan and Mr. C. W. Langerfeldt.
Choruses, a. "Die Hoehen und Waelder".....Abt.
b. "Abschied".....Kinkel.
Opus 18, "Arabeske".....R. Schumann.
26, "Scherzino".....Schumann.
Mr. Hugo Leonhardt.
Songs, "Wiegenlied".....Banc.
"Morgengruess".....Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "Grosses Deutsch-national-patriotisches Quodlibet".....Kunz.

Mr. A. P. PECK's Annual Concert, postponed by the unfortunate illness of Mme. PAREFA-ROSA, is now fixed for next Friday evening (16th), when no doubt the friends of the efficient and obliging superintendent of the Hall, so serviceable on all good musical occasions there, will leave no place unfilled; for he has been kind to all of them, and he presents an army of attractions:—Miss KELLOGG, Miss PHILLIPS, Mrs. BROCKWAY (first appearance), Sig. LOTTI and Sig. RONCONI, for singers; Mr. T. J. PRUME, a violinist of celebrity, who will be new to us; Miss ALICE DUTTON, the pianist; besides Mr. LANG, Mr. THAYER, the organist, and others.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School, under the direction of Mr. Carl Klausner, (one of the best musicians in the country, who has made excellent piano-forte arrangements of great orchestral works, and who edits Sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, &c., with most critical accuracy), still keeps up its reputation for good classical chamber concerts. The 37th and 38th Concert took place on the 19th and 20th ult., with the following programmes:

I.
Sonata, E flat, op. 12, No. 3.....Beethoven.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Folies d'Espagne. Variations.....Corelli.
Mr. Theo. Thomas.
Chromatic Sonata in one Movement, op. 129.....Raff.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Ballade, G minor, op. 13.....Chopin.
Mr. F. von Inten.
Sonata, D minor, op. 121, in four movements.
Schumann.
Messrs. Theo. Thomas and F. von Inten.
II.
Sonata, G (Küchel), No. 379.....Mozart.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Variations Serieuses, op. 54.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. F. von Inten.
Rondo, B minor, op. 70.....Schubert.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Fantasie, op. 17, 3d movement.....Schumann.
Mr. Von Inten.
Sonata, A, op. 47, ("Kreutzer").....Beethoven.

MONTREAL, CANADA.—Mr. Torrington, who made so good an impression when he played upon the Organ of the Boston Music Hall, gave a concert of sacred music on the 23d ult., in the Wesleyan Church, of which the *Gazette* says:

The programme was selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and Rossini, the chorus of some 60 voices being generally effective. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and the Recitative Chorus "Be not afraid" (*Elijah*) were both well rendered. As to the latter, if we mistake not, it is the first time it has been sung here, and was very creditably given. In the Chorus "Thanks be to God" (*Elijah*) there was, perhaps, room for improvement in the matter of steadiness. The Soprano solo, "On Mighty Pens" (Creation), was remarkably well given by Mrs. Culdicott.

In the second portion of the programme Weber's service in G was the principal feature. The Choruses were given with much precision, and the Quartets well rendered by Mrs. Caldicott, Mr. Thurston, Miss Ladd and Mr. Millar, with the exception that here and there the tenor was a little flat.

As to the organ solos, the "Adagio Cantabile" (from the Septuor) Beethoven, brought out some of the finest stops of the organ, such as the "Cor Anglais," "Cromona" and "Harmonic Flute," combined with the Gambas. The Grand Offertoire was well executed, the pedal passages being very effective. In the Overture to "William Tell," Mr. Torrington fully sustained his reputation as organist. His accompaniments to the choruses showed that the orchestration of the various pieces was fully understood by him, and the orchestral effects given. This was, perhaps, the most difficult part of the programme to render, as the musician has more difficulties to contend. We believe that Mr. Torrington was fully satisfied with the success of his concert, and we may add, the success was deserved.

THE FLORENTINE QUARTET party have been winning golden opinions in Paris. We translate from *Le Menestrel*: "Never did we hear greater perfection. It is an admirable thing to see what is realized by M. Jean Becker (a German), seconded by the irreproachable instrumentalists who accompany him on the tour of Europe.

...."Becker is truly the soul of this exceptional quatuor: he spreads life and inspiration over it. Together, these four artists seem to have present an irreproachable ideal, from which nothing can lead them astray. They have known how to place it at the service of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn; they have lent it to modern masters, several of whom have figured on their programmes, and have made an excellent figure there. Certain it is that the pieces by Rubinstein and Hartog, executed not less perfectly than the others, have equally in their way left nothing to be desired.

"And, speaking of the *Presto* from M. de Hartog's *Suite*, the musical journals of Vienna tell us that it is written with the hand of a master, and would be found already upon every desk, if it were signed Mendelssohn or Schumann. The author of that *Presto* must have particularly appreciated the astonishing and definitive perfection of this marvellous 'Quatuor Florentin.'—Where will you meet such unity, such vigor! Bravo, M. Becker, and bravo, MM. Quartettists!" &c. &c.

An Oratorio by C. Ph. Emm. Bach, "The Israelites in the Desert," was lately given for the first time in Paris, at a Concert of the Protestant Society for Sacred Music. *La France* calls it a work full of science, and breathing, in several of its parts, a profoundly religious feeling.

ROSSINI'S SOLEMN MASS.—The grand performance of this great work took place at the Italian Opera for the first time on Sunday last, before a most brilliant audience. The boxes were full from the roof to the pit; the *salle* was one glitter of diamonds under dazzling gaslight—one wave of silk, velvet, satin and flowers. It was certainly an imposing spectacle; still, to be sincere, this evening was not so satisfactory to a lover of Rossini as the first rehearsal in the same house on the preceding evening. Then the *salle* was as dark as catacombs, lighted only by a few lamps which served to show up the darkness, and a ray of light which, proceeding from one of the loopholes in the upper galleries, fell directly on Alboni, Krauss, Nicolini and Agnesi in front of the stage. The background was completely in the shade, and nothing stood out behind the principal artists but the marble bust of the departed maestro, crowned with a wreath of golden laurel. A few guests and musical critics had been invited, and were dispersed in different parts of the house: their presence was scarcely noticed unless they moved or changed places, and then they had the appearance of figures feeling about in mysterious cathedral shade. Although the choruses at times hesitated, though the artists often sang their parts *mezza voce*, admiration was sustained from beginning to end, and when the last piece was over, it was like going forth from a sublime reverie into another world. All present met in the outer corridors with evident traces of emotion on their faces.

The *Resurrexit* and the *Sanctus* are two splendid productions; they are truly overwhelming songs of joy; but the *Cum Sancto* and *O Salutaris* are written in the other Rossinian style; they are somewhat too graceful for sacred music, and are certainly less expressive of religious adoration than of jubilant delight. A German master would have felt and illustrated otherwise, for these two pieces heard out of this work would be called rhythmic dancing music. With this exception, the whole Mass is in keeping with the *Stabat*. The *Gratias* is superb; it is a cry of melodious gratitude. It cannot be denied that the *Kyrie* and the *Christe* are the finest things Rossini has ever composed.

At the performance on Sunday Mme. Krauss was sublime; her whole soul was thrown into her part. Alboni, who has lost none of her prestige, was listened to with admiration combined with respect, for the devotedness shown by her in reappearing before the public for the execution of the great work of her best friend. Nicolini has very little to sing in the partition. Agnesi, who was formerly a chapel-master, has now acquired through the press the reputation of the "first psalmist" in Europe. The second performance is announced for this evening.—*Paris Gazette*, March 4.

THE COMBINED ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.—Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have published their scheme, from which it appears that the two companies can actually perform at the same theatre. Judging from the prospectus only, we might almost venture to say that Covent Garden had absorbed the personnel of her Majesty's Theatre. The announcement differs, indeed, so little from those which Mr. Gye has been in the habit of issuing, that it reads as though he had simply engaged some member of his rival's troupe. The theatre, the rights of performances, the prices, the orchestra and the stage-manager, are all the same as usual. There has been no change, we understand, either in the constitution of the band or in the terms on which they have been engaged. All the members of the orchestra have, with three exceptions, as we are informed, renewed their engagement. Nor is there any truth, apparently, in the report that the theatre is to be open every evening. There are to be four performances a week, as in former seasons. Signor Arditi is announced as one of the conductors, and Mr. Carrodus as leader of the orchestra, from which we conclude that M. Sain-ton has followed the example of Mr. Costa in declining an engagement. The chorus is to be selected from those of the two theatres. We should have preferred to hear that all the fresh voices collected by Mr. Mapleson had been secured, though the long practice of the Covent Garden choristers may doubtless facilitate rehearsal. Mr. Harris, the best of all stage-managers, retains his post. The list of ladies is remarkably strong. It includes Mesdames Patti, Nilsson, and Ilma de Murska for *soprani sfogati*, Lucca and Tietjens for dramatic singers, Grossi and Salchi for contralti, Vanzini and Sinico for *comprimaries*. The tenors include Mongini, Naudin, Tamberlik, who has not been here for three years, and Corsi, quite unknown in England. In baritones the company is as strong as in trebles; Mr. Santley (the most accomplished of all), Signor Graziani and Signor Cotogni being engaged. Signori Bagazioli, Tagliacico, Ciampi, Polonini and Foli make up the tale of buffo and bass singers. This list is a goodly one, but from it we miss two names. Trebelli and Mario, we can ill spare. Mlle. Grossi and Mlle. Salchi both have superb and genuine contralto voices, but neither altogether replaces the highly trained mezzo-soprano of Mme. Trebelli. We observe that Signor Corsi is put down for the *tenore leggiero* parts—such, for instance, as *Almaviva*. Without prejudice to a stranger, we may say that he must be better than most new comers, if he is to make us forget Signor Mario. A long list of operas is published, into the cast of each of which the greatest possible number of popular names are inserted. But experience warns us that such brilliant combinations necessarily prove fallacious, even when made in the best faith. Two singers are several times announced for the same character, and in two instances as many as three. The question will be which of the three shall first play *Margherita* and *Lucia*, and will the others consent to follow suit? Meanwhile, we may note the first result of a coalition in the utter absence of novelty. It is stated, it is true, that "negotiations are in progress" for the performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," but it is rare indeed for a prospectus to be issued in which not one revival is promised. Nor is "Medea," nor "Iphigenia," nor "Il Seraglio," the three revivals which have brought Mr. Mr. Mapleson most credit, even announced. If this be the effect of monopoly, music, as an art, must gain by free trade.—*London Athenaeum*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Little Bird on the Green Tree. 3. D♭ to e. *Claribel*. 30
A fortunate little bird, who has Claribel to praise him. Sweet ballad.
- E ver. (So true). Romanza. 3. E to f. *Campana*. 40
A fine pathetic Italian song, with impassioned words.
- Maid of the Mill. *Shirley*. 30
A wide-awake girl who serves customers with alacrity, and has her jest with each.
- Trembling and cold. Serenade. 4. C minor to e. *Linder*. 35
German and English words, and music full of deep feeling.
- The two Sisters. *Newcomb*. 40
Married soon we'll be. " 40
Two pretty comic songs about a young man who was in love with two sisters, and didn't know which to choose; and a fortunate young man who had just won the "belle" of the neighborhood.
- The Music Scholar. *E. F. M.* 25
The Orphan. " 25
Two simple songs, one describing the trials of a music scholar, and the other plaintive.
- Early Spring. 3. G to g. *Dora*. 30
A very sweet tribute to the season.

Instrumental.

- Snow-drop. (Perce-neige). Melody variée. *Egghard*. 50
- Elysian Polka. 4. A♭. *Rehm*. 35
Original and quite powerful.
- La Vie Parisienne. Potpourri. 4. *Wels*. 75
Contains many lively airs. A good resume of the opera.
- Snow drift Galop. 2. G. *Coote*. 30
Simple and pretty.
- Don Carlos. "Repertoire." 3. *Beyer*. 40
This rather sad-toned opera furnishes much pathetic music, a part of which, well arranged, will be found in this number of the "Repertoire."
- Il Bacio. Waltz. For Brass Band. 1.00
This universal favorite cannot fail to please. Send for your sets.
- Chilpéric Quad. Hervé. 3. *Knight*. 40
A number of lively airs.
- Irresistible Quadrilles. 3. *Coote*. 40
Contains "The Music Master," "Bacon and Greens," "The Upper Ten," "Who's coming out for a Spree," "Joey Lidle" and "The Grasp of an Honest Man" New airs and quite taking.
- Something Pretty Polka. 3. Eb. *Cloy*. 30
Do you like it. Schottisch. 3. D. " 30
Something very pretty, by the author of "The Northern Pearl." No one can help liking both pieces.

Books.

MUSIC TO BE PERFORMED AT THE GRAND NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE. 50

This book contains fifteen magnificent choruses, and, independent of its particular use, is a valuable book to retain. Persons intending to hear the performances, will do well to possess books of the music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

